

# THE CARMELITE

CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA  
CALIFORNIA  
WEDNESDAY  
JULY 4 1928  
FIVE CENTS

VOLUME I

NUMBER 21

## BOVINGDON ARRIVES

The arrival in Carmel of John Bovingdon means more than the appearance of a new and modern dancer. It brings the expression of a new way of life, other thought-forms, the beginning of a new culture.

Bovingdon has an interesting history. Beginning as an instructor of Economics at Harvard, he suddenly awoke from the lethargy into which academic life lulls even youth, abandoned his activities in what the liberals and radicals before the war affectionately called "the movement," and stepped totally out of civilization. He stripped off social habits, the old assumptions of life, clothing, and went to live among the primitives of Java, to develop a fresh conception of life, and think out a more satisfactory civilization.

He repudiates the intellect, as a misleading tool which stands between us and reality.

Bovingdon refuses to deal with the economic aspects of life. He possesses almost as little of goods and chattels as a vagabond, —a pair of sandals, a loom upon which he weaves his garments, and thirteen great gongs from the temples of Java. These accompany his dancing.

The cycle of life dances which he presents at the Golden Bough on Saturday, is an experiment in achieving beauty and strength among the undertows of today.

There is the legend of a child shaped into accustomed molds who goes mad and is reborn a light-hearted outcast.

There is a legend of one who after long sleep awakes to a search for the lost treasures of force, forgotten during human ascent.

The cycle becomes complete on a playground where new worship, new play, work, and love invent and reinvent themselves. The dance is completed through the interplay with him of Jean Marling. At the Golden Bough the episodes will be further enriched by the play of light.

John Bovingdon opens the way toward the transcending of man by himself, and the beginning of a new civilization.

### DAWN DREAM

During the early dusk of dawn  
That poignant moment when I heave myself  
Up out of the darkened waters of sleep  
I often feel swishing swooping around me  
Great giant driving undertows  
Seeming like a pilgrim in vast precious places  
As if if I knew some secret  
I would be a giant as in a fable forever

—John Bovingdon.



## The City . . .

### CITY ELDERS MEET

Cows, pigs, and chickens, please note. The City Council on Monday of this week passed an ordinance forbidding loitering of the lower animals on the public ways.

A rough draft concerning Traffic Regulation and Stop signs at street entrances to Ocean Avenue was read and discussed.

The Fire Chief reported the necessity of additional fire hose.

The Council will meet on the evening of July the tenth to take final action on the Ordinance concerning Stop signals.

### THE FOURTH

Monterey is to have a real, old-fashioned, Fourth-of-July parade, with everybody taking a hand. The Army will be represented by the Ninth Cavalry from the Presidio, and the Battle Ship Tennessee, which has dropped anchor in the harbor, will lend its Marines. A part of the parade will be the old one-hoss shay ridden by the entire cast of Ten Nights in a Barroom, in costume and makeup.

In the evening, Pacific Grove will show its annual firework display at Lovers' Point.

Three cheers for the red, white, and blue!

### That The People May Know

Nearly opposite the Seven Arts Building is a brilliant example illustrating the city's need of an engineer's attention, and a plan of street grading. It may seem a simple matter to plan and lay a sidewalk in front of a house. But in this particular case,—as in others near by,—the walk is being so laid, in the absence of standardized grading, that the first heavy rain is going to make a lake deep enough for a good duck pond. Until we have a unified plan of street and sidewalk grading, one man's drainage is going to be another's puddle. Needed, a city engineer!

### PLANNING THE SEASIDE TOWN

Dr. Carol Aronovici, city planner and editor of The Community Builder, who miraculously escaped severe injury recently when, on his return to Los Angeles from Carmel, his car was destroyed in a collision, is lecturing this week in the south on "Planning the Seaside Town." He arrives soon for a short stay in Carmel, and efforts are being made to have the lecture repeated here, with especial reference to our problems. The more the citizens of a town know about community planning, which is a profession in itself combining the training of the architect, the engineer, and the sociologist,—the more effective can be the work of their City Planning Commission.

### COME PLAY JOHN'S GONG

In the office of the Carmelite this week, hangs a great gong from a temple in Java. It has a deep, solemn, and heavily pulsing tone. It is a strange experience to touch and hear it. Whoever would like to, may. It is one of those brought from the orient by John Bovingdon, and will be used by him in his dance-recital on Saturday night at the Golden Bough.

### TREE-TANGLE

Our City Council has recently been facing the necessity of trimming trees. Several fences have been broken by falling dead branches.

On our City Planning Commission is a man whose love of trees is reflected in a son who has become a tree specialist and forester. This young man, Abbott Silva, writes as follows:

### TOO MANY TREES?

People are awakening to the fact that too many trees on property are a detriment. Joyce Kilmer's poem caused a wave of oversentimentality. You must liken your woods to a community. Should criminals—weed trees, misshapen trees, diseased trees—be allowed to rob really worth while trees of air, light and food? My answer is an emphatic NO! Too many people are sacrificing the real enjoyment of their places because "God alone can make a tree." Why not make of your place a light healthy "living ground" for a few fine specimens rather than have a "permanent sanatorium" for many invalids? If you don't want to be ruthless and cut out the poor ones, all at once, read the next paragraph. Result is the same, only it takes longer.

### SELECTIVE OR FAVORING PRUNING

Look at your trees and see how the saying "As the twig is bent so the tree inclines" is really true. Here is a group of trees, many interfering with others, but you love them all and are disinclined to take any out. If the group is left intact it will eventually consist of permanently misshapen trees. Selective pruning remedies this. The group is studied and the possibilities of each tree taken into consideration. Those trees, worthy of a permanent place, are selected. The trimming commences on the others and the limbs which interfere with the selected trees are taken off. Gradually the crown area of the "weed" trees is diminished, allowing the crowns of the good trees to fill the gaps. Eventually, when the "weeds" have been cut back in successive annual cuttings, they can be taken out and not missed. This reduction in numbers lessens root competition also. Work of this kind should not be intrusted to the ordinary "trimmer" and demands intelligent supervision.

With a little imagination and one's own heart, one can understand all humanity.

—Voltaire.

## THE CARMELITE CALENDAR

### JULY

- 4 Independence Day.
- 4 National Holiday—Annual Fourth of July Tournament, Del Monte Golf Course.
- 4 Forest Theater — "The Taming of the Shrew," 8:15 p. m.
- 4-5 Theatre of the Golden Bough — "Ten Nights in a Barroom," 8:30 p. m.
- 6-7 Carmel Playhouse — "The Whole Town's Talking," 8:30 p. m.
- 7 Theatre of the Golden Bough — John Bovingdon in a Cycle of Life Dances, at 8:15.
- 8 Divine Services—All Saints Chapel, Community Church, Christian Science at 11:00 a. m. Carmel Mission at 10:00 a. m.
- 8 Baseball — Abalone League games.
- 10 City Hall — Council Meeting at 7:30 p. m.
- 11 Theatre of the Golden Bough — Children's Moving Pictures. "Puss in Boots," "William Tell," "Animal and Plant Stories," 4:00 p. m.
- 12 Theatre of the Golden Bough — Halldis Stabell in Lecture, "Renaissance of the Human Body," 4:00 p. m. Open to the public.

### EQUIPPED FOR EXPERT MURDER

The Warship Tennessee invites the public to visit it while it lies in Monterey harbor, and to make a study of the efficiency with which the next war will be fought. (All the same, there is a beauty in the silent power of these threatening grey sea-monsters. Beauty and magnificent horror.)

### CHILDREN'S MOVIE MATINEE

On the afternoon of July 11th at 3:30 o'clock at the Theater of the Golden Bough there will be shown five one-reel pictures for children and their parents. The pictures were specially selected by the University of California, and include a plant, an animal and an insect picture and two fairy tales.

Gangs will be brought by Mrs. James Hopper, Rem, George Best, and Mrs. Julia Breinig. If you haven't a parent or friend, join a gang.

The English take their movies seriously. Adolphe Menjou, in London on his honeymoon with his bride, Kathryn Carver, has been feted and dined AND wined by writers, artists and Society. One night at the Savoy Hotel the Prince of Wales joined Menjou's party and danced. Bernard Shaw called on him and spent some time discussing films. On being questioned by reporters afterwards, Mr. Shaw said: "I went to see a distinguished artist. Why shouldn't I?" Would our H. L. Menckens and others of the highbrow intellectual elite say as much of a Hollywood actor?

The great service of this generation has been that it has made the world safe for sexuality.

—Jesse Lynch Williams.



## Carmel News

### EGGS BENEDICTINE

The name of the new restaurant in the court of the Golden Bough was clearly "The Gossip." But we, passionate first-nighters as to supper-houses, as well as of plays, immediately re-christened it "The Lambs' Club." For at this half-hour before midnight, nearly all of its guests were either dramatic directors or players who had survived the Saturday night dress rehearsal; and sat about the cleverly-done room, discussing "the drammer," the drama, and "the draama."

For some reason or other, the room inspired wit. Perhaps it was the chinaware. On each table was a potted cactus, so absurdly improbable-looking that I at once ordered an expensive sandwich. Garnet Holme immediately ordered the cactus put on another table. But it was too late.

This caused such a fluttering in the waitress that when, an hour later, I politely inquired after the same sandwich, she was sure it was oyster stew I had ordered.

At this moment Bert Heron strode across the room admitting that the conversation at his table was not in brilliance equal to ours, and volunteered that it was he who had ordered the oysters.

The sandwiches when they arrived were highly decorative bits of sophistication. From the percolator bubbling electrically at hand, we poured our coffee into square Spanish cups. The hearth-fire snapped. The mood was mellow.

"At last," prophesied one of the party when we left at one-thirty, "the success of the drama in Carmel is assured."

### PATTY MORA IN RECITAL

The delicate oval of a shy young face poised over a piano keyboard, and two slender hands rested for a moment before the plunge. These initial recitals are solemn and terrible affairs, with one's friends and celebrities of the town sitting grandly in stiff rows, in white gloves. But Patty Mora carried the day well. Beethoven, Chopin, and MacDowell continued to rest comfortably in their graves. Young lovely Patty took her applause shyly, but her musicianship has poise and promise. It will be increasingly pleasant, in the next few years, to hear her thoughtful and sincere playing, as she ripens, and the musical conceptions gain in breadth.

One thinks of a young artist as the product of his master. Mr. Alberto has wrought well upon the sensitive surface of this responding medium, a human being. His own musical honesty, the will for beauty and a feeling for workmanship are apparent in his pupil.

—P. G. S.

## People . . .

### JANE ADDAMS

The arrival of Jane Addams in Carmel on the tenth draws near. We shall see little, during her weeks here, of this quiet and modest woman who has carried the burdens of man upon her shoulders to his great gain. But it is good to know her here, and to feel a presence of such a being.

Of an utter simplicity is this woman who has for many years been recognized as the one of all women, who has been of greatest service to mankind. The founder of that remarkable social settlement, Hull-House in Chicago, she was the participant in the liberal and liberalizing movements of her time. In later years, she has centered her activities about the effort for world peace. In Carmel there is an active branch organization of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, of which she is the initiator and the international director.

Perhaps it is less through specific acts than through the breadth and the simple human sympathy of her attitudes toward mankind and social problems, that Jane Addams is great. Surely her very presence here will relax those tensions by which our small selves become tangled and smallened.

For love, pity, and a measureless detachment, have distilled into wisdom the world-sorrow of this human being looking long upon mankind.

—P. G. S.

### SARA BARD FIELD'S LECTURE

The Carmelite will report fully next week the eloquent and moving lecture of last Sunday night by Sara Bard Field before the Women's International League.

Mrs. Field's subject was The Cure for War, which she describes as a fight of machine against machine with man as the puppet to push the button or pull the lever, and then die like a dog in the service of the machine.

### MORE ATROCITIES OF THE PRESS

Carmel may take its own best people quite calmly; but the Oakland Tribune of last Sunday makes quite a to-do about our own Herbert Heron, with life history, cartoons illustrating its leading features, and even a large drawing. (As usual with newspaper prints, however, unrecognizable as H. H.) Mr. Heron has one grievance concerning this drawing, however. He bitterly complains that it fails to do justice to his golf cap, which cost six and a half dollars. He says the picture makes it look only about three-and-a-half.

### OVERHEARD AT "THE GOSSIP"

"You'll have to see my wife about that."  
"Is she the young lady who just went out?"

"That's one of them."

## Personal Bits . .

Mr. L. S. Slevin keeps a stationery shop only as an adjunct to his art. His records show that a half million copies of his photographs of Carmel landscapes, Lobos, and the coast, have been sold, mostly in post card form.

Mr. W. Siwart Smit is in a hospital in the north, suffering from a nervous breakdown.

On Friday it was rumored that John Bovingdon would be in town on the wing from Los Angeles to the Big Sur. He would stop the night. There must of course be a party.

All hands were on deck at the Steffens' to welcome him,—the Blackmans, Hagemeyer, the Stanley Woods, Dene Denny and Hazel Watrous, Virginia Tooker, and other artists.

But no John Bovingdon.

The party went on without the guest of honor, and he did not appear 'til next morning.

Anni Mundstock, after her appearance last week in dance-accompaniment to the film Metropolis, was the guest at a party in her honor given by Dene Denny and Hazel Watrous. Stanley Wood showed some of his later water colors. Roger Sturtevant brought forth photographic works. Miss Mundstock danced. The studio of the hosts, in itself a work of art expressing a clear cool austerity, added to the charm of the evening.

Dr. Peter Baines, English psycho-analyst has arrived in Carmel with his wife, the former Carey Dangulo. They are occupying Mrs. Baines' cottage on Seventh and Carmelo, and intend to stay for the winter. Both Dr. and Mrs. Baines have been assisting the psycho-analyst, Jung, in Zurich, lecturing and taking his classes, and Dr. Baines has just completed the translation of two of Jung's books.

Mr. and Mrs. James Smith and their son have returned to Carmel after an absence of three years and taken the Matthews cottage on Eighth and Junipero. They have been in Switzerland.

Miss Mary Ovington and Mr. Lincoln Steffens have left for Los Angeles for the Annual Convention of the National Association of the Colored People. Mr. Steffens spoke on Monday night on A Program for a Minority. On the fifth of July he will debate with Sheridan Bickers, the Irish playwright, the question Is Marriage a Failure, the debate to be held at San Jose.

Hilda Argo, much beloved among people of Carmel, two weeks ago became the wife of Mr. Bernard Weitz, of Long Island.



## The Theatre . . .

### THE FOREST THEATER PLAY

The Forest Theater is almost as old as Carmel (already a second generation is on its stage) and Garnet Holme's direction is as old as the first play given there. One must watch this genial and witty director at rehearsal to realize how shrewdly and infallibly he creates the atmosphere which one feels as the most distinctive thing in The Taming of the Shrew. For with his rout of youthful amateurs he has not attempted the impossible. He has not aimed at an individual perfection that would produce only artificiality and self-consciousness. But with mimicry and pantomime, with criticisms that draw a laugh, with a certain endearing geniality, he keeps them up to a high level of delight in participation. The result comes close to being an Elizabethan performance.

In its youthful effervescence, in its accentuation of horse-play and buffoonery, in its very roughnesses this production harks back to Shakespeare's own day of wandering players. Part of this is due to the effective simplicity of the staging, which makes a single change of scene sufficient.

Annen von Gaal has abandoned that professional refining of Katherine which the modern stage has stereotyped. She has returned to the shrill-voiced virulent shrew who delighted Elizabethan audiences even before Shakespeare's play was written. Her beautiful diction, impres-

sive even when she is raving, makes it possible for her to do this with a certain distinction. She never loses caste even when she is most malignant.

As Petruchio, Alden van Alden is a bit more the American Caveman than his Elizabethan prototype. But his bluster and bravado have all the authenticity of youth and high spirits. His rapid enunciation, effective in many places, would be more so if he realized the value of dramatic pause.

William Shepard as Gremio and Fletcher Dutton as Hortensio are excellent. One must specially applaud the clever Tomfools who do so much to reproduce the Elizabethan spirit of the play. Fulton Tooker as the stuttering tailor, David Cooke as the airy Biondello, but above all Elliot Durham in his inimitable Grumio give flavor to a delightful performance.

—K. P. G.

### ANN MUNDSTOCK BRINGS CHARM

Definitely related to the dancing of John Bovingdon, in its movement from the centers of being, and not externally, is the dance of Ann Mundstock, who was seen last week in accompaniment to the film "Metropolis." Laban in Germany, with whom she studied, is influencing the dance throughout Europe, where it is having a mass revival. This sort of expression releases and frees the energies of man; and is the very opposite of contemporary American social dancing which, far from releasing energies, intensifies them sexually.



### GARNET HOLME

once the Shrew is well tamed, cannot linger in Carmel, but must dash off to the Bohemian Grove in the Big Trees, where he is about to direct for the Bohemian Club of San Francisco, an Oriental play of which he is the author.

## THE THEATRE OF THE GOLDEN BOUGH

### The Golden Bough Players

#### —in— "Ten Nights In a Barroom"

Directed by Morris Ankrum  
Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday  
July 3-4-5, 8:30 P. M.  
Admission \$1.00, \$1.50

Friday, July 6, 7:00 P. M.  
"LONDON AFTER MIDNIGHT"  
with Lon Chaney  
Admission 35c and 50c

Saturday, July 7, 8:30 P. M.  
JOHN BOVINGDON  
in a

"Cycle of Life Dance"  
Admission \$1.00

Sunday and Monday, July 8-9  
7:00 P. M.

#### "CHANG"

Tuesday, Wednesday, July 10-11  
"THE STUDENT PRINCE"

Wednesday, 3:30 P. M. Children's  
Movie Matinee  
Admission 10c, Adults 35c

Friday, July 13, 8:30 P. M.  
HENRY COWELL  
Composer - Pianist  
Admission \$1.00, \$1.50

Saturday, Sunday, July 14-15  
"GENTLEMEN  
PREFER BLONDES"  
Movie

## 2ND BIG WEEK

RESERVE YOUR SEATS NOW

for

Friday and Saturday

### THE WHOLE TOWN'S TALKING

—louder and funnier

COMING NEXT WEEK

Thursday — Friday — Saturday

### "THE RIVALS"

Carmel Playhouse

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FOR SALE: Fine Emerson piano, walnut furniture. Pacific Grove. Telephone Monterey 499-M, Mrs. D. Leese



# MANZANITA THEATER

Wednesday - Thursday, July 4 - 5

**HAROLD LLOYD**

in "SPEEDY"

Friday, July 6

**RICHARD DIX**

in "EASY COME - EASY GO"

Saturday, July 7

**RIN-TIN-TIN**

in "A DOG OF THE REGIMENT"

Sunday and Monday July 8 - 9

**CLARA BOW**

in "LADIES OF THE MOB"

Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday

July 10 - 11 - 12

**AL JOLSON**

in "THE JAZZ SINGER"

## GOLDEN STATE THEATRE

Telephone: MONTEREY 1500

Wednesday, July 4th

**SPECIAL HOLIDAY PROGRAM**

Vilma Banky, Ronald Colman

in "THE MAGIC FLAME"

FIVE ACTS OF VAUDEVILLE

Thursday, Friday and Saturday

**CHARLIE CHAPLIN**

in "THE CIRCUS"

Sunday, July 8th

**POLA NEGRI**

in "THREE SINNERS"

**FIVE ACTS OF VAUDEVILLE**

Monday and Tuesday, July 9 and 10

**RICHARD BARTHELMESS**

in "THE NOOSE"

E. C. HOPKINS AT THE ORGAN

## The Theatre . . .

### SHOCKING CONSEQUENCES OF DRINK REVEALED

It is a satirical age. Even the Fourth of July, with its patriotic orations, its songs of the Red, White, and Blue, its drill by the school children, was celebrated and broadcast ironically. Now the old-fashioned mellerdrammer, *Ten Nights in a Bar-room*, which still goes the rounds in the provinces as a serious play with a moral, is done in Carmel as uproarious comedy, and all the parts are played by actors with their tongues in their cheeks.

The philanthropist moralizes and rants with silk-hat-and-frock-coat solemnity. The drunkard staggers down the primrose path, repenting too late. The beautiful young girl sobs out her sad, sad, appeal, "Father, dear father, come home." The handsome villain is hissed by the audience. Even the curtain comes down crooked. If the fire laws did not stand in the way, the footlights would have been flickering candles.

The asides to the audience, the ranting of the moralists, the gorgeous smirking of the timid young female who receives a pink scented letter from the wicked villain, all of these are overdone to the limit. "We laughed so hard," was the bitter complaint of one who saw the dress-rehearsal, "that we thought we couldn't, we simply couldn't stand it any longer." "Why, what did you do?" commiserated the other, who hadn't been.

"We just had to sit and suffer!"

### THE WHOLE TOWN TALKED

Beside the critic, on the first night of "The Whole Town's Talking," sat an old resident of Carmel who has known the rise from infancy of the sons of daughters of "the best families." "Gallatin Powers," she murmured, as she glanced through the program before the curtain went up. "Dear me! He must be quite grown up by now . . . I remember him when he had beautiful blonde curls. Such a lovely boy."

The play began. Full of cleverly absurd lines. Jack Mulgardt as the leading man was a typical Booth Tarkington caricature, lovable in spite of every gauche unsophistication. (In our civilization, by the way, one is comical if one simply tells the truth.) Jack Mulgardt has a gift for playing the fool lovably, and winning the affection of an audience through and past the ridiculous.

Critic and neighbor chuckled their way through the second act. Mary Marble was the sweet girl enticingly set against the choral background of twittering girl chums. George Ball strode his fatherly way through comic melee, abetted by his wife, Marian Todd again playing a part with the brittle hardness which is her

cleverest and most effective style.

Onto the stage strode a massive heavy,—and as the critic's seat-neighbor contemplated his aggressive manliness, in the part of the prize-fighter, she murmured, "Isn't he wonderful? Really he and Jack Mulgardt are the play. But I wonder when Gallatin Powers is coming on the stage."

Of course it turned out that the gifted heavyweight was Gallatin Powers, late of the golden curls,—another shock for the older generation. He is a clever actor, even though he has grown up.

Well, it was an amusing play. An audience deliciously relaxed with laughter found its way out of the theater, and through the garden foyer into the night, afterward.

The Whole Town will continue to Talk at the Carmel Playhouse on Friday and Saturday evenings of this week.

### HENRY COWELL

Henry Cowell has returned from his winter tour, and is spending the summer in California writing new works. On Friday evening, July 13, Mr. Cowell will give a recital of his new piano works in The Theatre of the Golden Bough. During the last three years, the world has become his friend. His absolute sincerity and deep conviction of the truth and inevitability of the "New Music," combined with the charm and breadth of his presentation have won for him respect and recognition everywhere.

Henry Cowell's music has always aroused much discussion and criticism. That he plays with his elbows, however, has almost ceased to close the ears of his audience. Of the antagonism to modern music, he says: "Always it is difficult to launch a new idea in art. Cezanne found it thus in painting; Whitman in poetry; Dreiser in prose."

But when such as Pitts Sandborn says, "To me, the outstanding American composer of the season was Henry Cowell, of tone-cluster fame," and Paul Bechert, London, says, "Perhaps—who knows?—Henry Cowell holds the key to new problems and possibilities of pianism. He strives for and achieves an astounding variety of tone color. His performance is timely at this moment, when the virtuoso school, built on the once epoch-making achievements of Chopin and Liszt, is beginning to outlive itself," the conservative must lay aside his prejudice and listen to the new voices.

Henry Cowell has just completed a Symphony for chamber orchestra, which was given its premiere on April 28th, by the Chamber Orchestra, Boston. It was presented in Los Angeles, May 26, by Tandler's Little Symphony Orchestra, and is announced for performances next fall in Budapest, Mexico City, and Columbus, Ohio. Mr. Cowell is a native Californian, who has spent much time in Carmel.

LOST: Embroidered Chinese stand-cover, near Post Office. Small reward. P. O. 1019, Carmel.



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CARMEL BY THE SEA  
CALIFORNIA

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## Editorials . . .

### CARMEL A GENTLEMAN

Carmel has an unwritten constitution which governs the government and the community as surely as a similar fiction governs England; much more unalterably than the written constitution of the United States governs the nation. One of the articles of this curious living law is that no one, for the purpose of profit, shall improve the character out of the streets, the scenery and the people. That is well-known and well-understood.

Another article, equally precious, more unusual, and much less obtrusive, is that unwritten law which guarantees liberty to every inhabitant and to all visitors. And, partly no doubt, because this law is not a scrap of paper but only a tradition, there is no license in Carmel and no sign thereof. All an outsider sees of freedom is all sorts of people in all sorts of places, public and private, wearing all sorts of costumes; you dress as you please in Carmel, clothing your taste or your convenience and comfort. There is no uniformity and no fashion, so far as one can generalize. That may come. In the old mining camps and out on the ranches where this custom of free costuming was started, the cow-boy styles were gradually evolved, and some day Carmelites may arrive at a form. But there is no such thing now. Carmel has free dress.

And Carmel knows and prizes and really takes its liberties with clothes, and no license. You seldom see grotesque and ridiculous costumes as you do in Moscow, where the release of taste was sudden and the supply of clothes short.

But there's a liberty here that one does not see but only feels. It's the freedom of speech and thought and of conduct. Maybe we are wrong; this is a new paper, the Carmelite, and the editors of it are most of them new-comers. But we have a sense that we can say anything that occurs to

us; speak it or write it; that we may utter freely our free thoughts; and that no one will resent what is said, no matter how wrong the thought may be, no matter even if it be true. Only in the world-capitals dare one have this sense of liberty, and in New York or Paris you feel that it is a privilege, not a free gift. You are free in private, not in public; it is the men in the clubs and the women in their drawing-rooms, not the police and the public who will listen patiently to you. It seems in Carmel that everyone is tolerant of free speech and of freedom of conduct.

Charming, this. Carmel is a gentleman, a gentlewoman. That is a gracious boon for the town. But there's a world significance in this graceful practice. It is world news that this spirit of practical liberty fosters no license. There may be misconduct; there has been some. But there is amazingly little, and that little is quiet and unobtrusive. It is outsiders that want to and it is outsiders that go to see Aimee McPherson's cottage, which, par example, is a lovely little hidden Carmel cottage.

No. Carmel rather proves that liberty, if it is granted by the people and not merely by the law, will be taken easily, with grace and courtesy, without offence, almost without awareness.

### WHAT IS A GENTLEMAN?

Chuck Connors was an illiterate Bowery bum, an ex-prize-fighter, a drunk, and finally, a guide in Chinatown, New York, but he had insight and he could say things. One night a couple of men left, bored, a swell house up-town, and, for a change, went down to Chinatown to see Chuck, their friend. He received them in his pal's barroom, sat them down for a drink and toasted them, with an eye to their dress suits, as Gents.

One of the gents, William Travers Jerome, asked the bum for a definition: Chuck was famous for his definitions.

"Chuck," said Jerome, "what is a gentleman?"

"A gent?" the bum repeated, thinking, "a gent? Well, I'll tell you. A gent is a bloke what can do any dam thing he wants to do, and never do nothin' wrong."

"What do you mean?" the other man asked. "Do you mean that just because he's a gentleman whatever he does goes?"

"Nah, ah nah," Chuck answered in disgust. "What I mean is that a gent he don' wan' to do nothin' wrong."

—L. S.

An interesting new thing has been becoming a habit on the Atlantic coast during the summers of recent years. The old summer hotel is going, or gone,—and with it the veranda thronged with rocking chairs. Instead, the camp, the fishing lodge, and the summer school, are the thing. And of summer schools, the School of Opinion, and a yearly Institute of Politics, in which many of the best minds of

their times participate, are becoming established habits.

One such school in Massachusetts, draws to it this summer such speakers as Will Durant, John B. Watson, Alexander Meiklejohn, Herbert Adams Gibbons, and Everett Dean Martin. Besides, there are round table seminars conducted by a distinguished psychologist; chamber music; and rhythmic dancing.

All this, not for undergraduates, but for grown-ups choosing to live an informal out-of-door life far from the city.

Another type of vacationing can be found at Woods Hole. Every student of the biological sciences knows, or knows of, this seaside center for the study of plant and animal life, where for many years scientists have been coming together for summer research in an atmosphere of comradeship. It is a good basis for the discovery of friends, this vacation whose morning is all work, and whose afternoon, play and well-earned loafing among people with common interests.

A pity that our universities have not become more living as places of summer work-play-growth-comradeship. Instead they are filled with undergraduates and school-teachers working for "credit," so that a professor would be astonished to find a student taking a course for the sheer fun of the subject itself. It's these credits that take the salt out of the university session, leaving it flat and flavorless. And tired professors in need of rest and distance from their work, but whose salaries make summer flights out of the question.

Fresh green summer seclusion, and perhaps the sound of the sea, provide a background in which organized thinking in groups can become an art, not a duty for "credits."

To Carmel every summer come enough creative minds, artists, sociologists, people with something real to say, to make a School of Opinion rich in content and intellectual comradeship. True, they come to rest. But every artist enjoys putting forth his art among those who understand and truly enjoy. The thinker likewise.

### WHAT PEOPLE SAY ABOUT THE CARMELITE

"Oh, if you are going to write about children of course I'll have to take it."

\* \* \* \*

"It was witty and light and yet meaty and interesting—the whole paper. I must have read every word if it."

\* \* \* \*

Old lady withdraws subscription.

\* \* \* \*

Fifty new subscribers and paper goes to Paris, Rome, New York, London, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Salinas, Moscow

\* \* \* \*

"I am especially glad you are starting a series on birds. It always seemed to me absurd to live in the midst of such rich bird life and not know a sparrow from an ouzel. And the article was particularly charming."



## REFLECTION

Is it your experience comrades  
That a complaint against other is a mirror  
Of one's own tendencies  
When I accuse I am confessing  
That dwelling within my nature perhaps  
buried  
Is that fault I think I find in another  
—Bovingdon.

## ERRATA

It is not the belt which is the dividing line between optimism and pessimism, in Dr. Kocher's epigram, printed by us last week, but the diaphragm. Perhaps women will kindly oblige by raising their waist-line to the diaphragm in the next change of fashion and so spare us the space necessary for this kind of correction.

## FOR THE YOUNGSTERS

Irene Alexander is busy every morning with the "Inchling" cast. It is a merry group up there on the Forest Theater stage, what with fire-bugs and such. See the distracted Lady-bug rushing about at the news that her house is on fire: "O, my children, my CHILDREN!" she shrieks, and in dashes the intrepid fire department, clanging at the top of its young lungs, charging madly across the stage on the way to rescue the Lady-buglets. Not so flattering to grown-up actors, this single-minded enthusiasm of the youngest set.

—H. F.

## WE CONSULT OUR READERS

Shall we change the name of the Carmelite? Some of us have a violent dislike of the title. Others think it excellent. We have had a series of suggestions, serious, facetious, and otherwise, for a new name,—from "The Four Windows" to "The Carmel Garden Hose." We await further ideas from the more brilliant of our readers.

## EVEN IDEALISTS THRIVE UPON FACTS

During these weeks under the new editorship of the Carmelite, a steady increase in both its news-stand sales and its subscriptions, not to mention its advertising, hearten a busy young editorial staff.

Another source of delight is the spontaneous flow into the office from the community, of responsive ideas, and even of interesting copy. Whenever individuals, or a group, have something to say to the community, even though we may not necessarily agree with the views expressed, the Carmelite welcomes their use of it as a channel of expression.

To the editor of the Carmelite:

Householders in Carmel will be interested to know that tenants cannot with impunity abuse the property they rent. On June twenty-first in the Small Claims Court in Salinas a real estate agent won a suit against a tenant for leaving the house which he had occupied in a dirty and disorderly condition.

—A Subscriber and House Owner.

## THE INSURGENT THEATER

(This article was specially written for the Carmelite by a member of the conference described.)

One of the most interesting and significant events in the history of the theater in the United States was the Western Conference on the Drama and the Little Theatre which came to a close at the Pasadena Community Playhouse on Friday, June 29.

Among the conference speakers were Samuel J. Hume, Avocational Director of the California schools, Irving Pichel, Gilmer Brown, Director of the Pasadena Community Playhouse; Conrad Nagel, Everett Glass, Director of the Berkeley Playhouse, Charles Meredith, Director of the Santa Barbara Community Playhouse, and others.

Director Charles Meredith who spoke at the first luncheon session, believes that the term "little theatre" is no longer applicable to that movement and recommended the use of the term "insurgent theatre" as it more accurately designates what the movement stands for. He further stated that it was the greatest mission of the insurgent theatre to house the play which enlarges vision and gives to life a great meaning and that when it failed to do this there was no longer an excuse for its existence.

Irving Pichel, who spoke also at the Wednesday luncheon, said that the insurgent theatre must combat the charge of amateurism by demonstrating its right to a place in the social structure, fulfilling a unique function as a place for artistic growth, giving always the best of the present and of the past.

Samuel J. Hume emphasized the importance of esprit de corps in the community theatre, stating its success was dependent upon the harmonious cooperation of its members in serving the community.

Charles F. Prickett, Business Manager of the Pasadena Community Playhouse, followed Mr. Hume as speaker at the conference on "Problems of Or-

ganization and Management." He stressed the importance of liability insurance, the value of a small paid staff of workers and outlined the advantages of a national organization of little theatres which would make possible great economy in the purchase of equipment, advance purchase of plays before commercial presentation and the possibility of securing the services of professional guest stars.

The Conference closed Friday after a most successful session with a midnight performance of "Right You Are" by Luigi Pirandello, the current attraction at the Pasadena Community Playhouse. It is planned to hold the Conference annually which it is hoped may grow into a national organization.

—Martha McAnear.

## CAN PHOTOGRAPHY BE ART?

The Carmel exhibit of the work of Johan Hagemeyer, together with the announcement that the East-West Gallery of Fine Arts in San Francisco will show the photography of Edward Weston and that of his son, Brett, July 1st to 15th, has again stirred up the discussion among critics and art patrons, "Can photography be art?"

Weston himself says that his photography is an expression of his feeling for life. Through it he presents objectively the rhythm, the form and texture of nature. He attempts to record the quintessence of the object or the element before the lens rather than to make an interpretation which he considers a superficial phase or passing mood. He says "photography is worthless when imitative of another medium, through technical tricks or influenced viewpoint. Cleverness must give way to honesty. Photography can take its place as a creative expression only through sincerity of purpose, and a definite understanding of the finest usage of the medium." "Those who do not find beauty in cabbages, smoke stacks, plumbing fixtures, as well as in clouds, flowers, faces, will miss the import of my exhibition."

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## Peter's Paragraphs

Theater-goers who enter the Carmel Playhouse to see the Abalone plays miss the best part of the show: the lines of autos that circle the blocks near the theater. Looks like the outside of the Metropolitan Opera House on a gala night. Looks as if Carmel had already what the Carmelites aspire to: a community theater.

To a rank outsider Carmel looks better than it does to Carmel, and that's not so bad either.

San Franciscans and Parisians appreciate themselves and their cities and it doesn't hurt them or their cities.

To a foreigner the striking thing about America is that, not only the people of leisure—those also that are busy and in a hurry, have automobiles: the workers.

The Pacific Coast—literally the shore line—is a weather plant where one can see rain made. The sun lifts the water in fog, which the hot valleys suck in on the heat-made winds as clouds that drift Eastward to be precipitated, not here and there, but only there, in the East. California's unselfish shores are dry land and wet air.

"Politics" is nothing but good manners in public.

The mind of man, the youngest organ in biological evolution, cannot function perfectly yet. In other words: we cannot think right. Nobody can. And that thought—or half-thought—is, if remembered, the beginning of tolerance. And since the end of tolerance is courtesy, the practice of tolerance makes a gentleman—and a gentlewoman.

A fine old word, "gentlewoman." Why is it going out of use? Why is "lady" becoming common? Gentlewomen are not common.

It is odd to observe in this connection, that the Chinese, the oldest of civilized people, and babies, the youngest—lay great store by courtesy. They rank it together among the highest virtues.

Another half-baked thought: Maybe courtesy would cure Carmel.

"I let my little boy beat me at least once a day in a fair and square conflict of will," said an experimental father. "This to develop his will. And I notice that sometimes when we walk off together, he in triumph, I in humble defeat, he will take my hand and say: 'Pete and papa only playing, yes?' or 'Nexxt time papa will be first.'"

"His courtesy would save my face and I

let it cheer me up and develop his natural tolerance."

And, if one hasn't children to practice on, animals will do. "It takes a gentleman to bring up a dog right," said a rough-neck dog-breeder. A nigger jockey who sold a race wept because his horse wouldn't look at him afterwards. He meant, that good boy, that he could not look his horse in the face. "For," he said, "a hoss—a race-hoss is a gentleman."

The most hopeless form of righteousness is not moral, but intellectual; not the good people, but the minds that know they are right—they are the very devil. They are the only people who are surely wrong, for certainty is the sin of science.

Mussolini says it is sound politics to avoid the issue and cloud the platform at a presidential or any other campaign. The people cannot understand any program that is worth while, and don't want to be bothered with it. The Duce says the cry "Let George do it" expresses the soul of man and—makes the opportunity for George (alias Mussolini).

A swatted fly, dying, was abandoned by some tiny, worm-like creatures.

"Yes," said the Doctor, "parasites. That fly was careless and picked up some germs which made him sick—just like us." Then flies don't know so much more than we do!

The psychiatrists talk about the "content" of a neurosis and "the disguise it takes."

How about the content of a grouch, a prejudice, a sneer, an insult, backbiting—and the disguises they have assumed?

If everyone were tolerant and kindly and understanding and free of human foibles, the novelists would have no material for stories, the psychiatrists would have nothing to psycho-analyse, the play-wrights would find their sources of inspiration dry, and Carmel would be without a play.

We say with reason "everybody" and not "every mind."

Carmel is a joke, and not such a bad joke at that.

Carmel is Heaven. When we die and go to — it will be Hell because it is not Carmel.

If you feel your garden is not getting enough admiration or attention tell the next tourist that yours is Aimee's cottage.

"Se non e fascista, non e italiano," said Mussolini in a conversation to Jo Davidson. ("If he isn't a Fascist he isn't an Italian.") We might say "If he isn't a 'Carmelite' he isn't a Carmelite."

That's enough for this week.

## WHY WE LIE

We may lie,  
Pete and I,  
But not to him and me.  
For you see (don't you see?)  
We don't believe  
The tales we tell that are not true.  
And as for you, and you, and you,  
We don't deceive,  
Not even you  
If you but see  
Like Pete and me  
That lying, in its place,  
Is not to cheat.  
It's done to save the face  
Of you and me and Pete.

—L. S.

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## World News . . .

Katherine Parrott Corringe

On Friday the Democratic convention, sitting at Houston, Texas, achieved the absurd by nominating a 'wet' president and a 'dry' vice-president—Governor Smith of New York and Joseph T. Robinson of Arkansas. Thus the inane (but expensive) comedy of representative nomination is over for both of the grand old parties and for the next four months the nation may settle comfortably back to the audition of Hoover's great-aunt's reminiscences of 'Herbie' or to the more thrilling romances of Tammany Hall.

\* \* \* \*

The Progressive Senators, Norris, LaFollette, Nye and others, are expected to bolt the Hoover-Curtis ticket. But whither will they bolt?

\* \* \* \*

The acquittal of Col. Robert W. Stewart, Chairman of the Board of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana, writes the last word in the legal vindication of all those involved in the infamous Teapot Dome affair. According to Senator Norris it proves clearly that "if you have money enough to hire lawyers, you will not be found guilty, even though you admit that you are guilty!" The Press of the country declares him condemned by the public verdict, along with Sinclair, Fall & Co. But Stewart, shaking hands with the jury, 'his face wreathed in smiles' jaunty and contemptuous as ever can snap his fingers at a condemnation that carries only a moral weight.

\* \* \* \*

From Vienna comes news of the death, in an Augsburg sanatorium, of Leo Ditrichstein, actor and playwright, member of the Lambs and the Players clubs.

\* \* \* \*

The death in London on June 14 of Emmeline Pankhurst, recalls the almost forgotten alarm of the Militant Suffragettes. Incidentally also it illustrates the curious pendulum swing of human experience. For Mrs. Pankhurst who led the most fiercely aggressive woman movement of all ages, abandoned her cause to revel in the furious patriotism of the last war and finally died in good odor as a member of the Conservative party.

\* \* \* \*

First prize in the French Salon of this year was won for the first time by an American—Andrew O'Connor of Worcester, Mass., with his "Drama in Stone," Tristan and Isolde.

\* \* \* \*

Returning from America, A. E. (George Russell) in his weekly "The Irish Statesman" sings his praise of the skyline of New York, where "a gigantic mass of heaven-assailing architecture breaks the skyline as huge cliffs might do." Chicago

is "a darker, fiercer, more tumultuous jumble of lofty buildings and a surging humanity." Of us as a people he says "out of some inner fountain in their being there are perpetually welling up new images which mirror better the secret of their own character. They are evolving a beauty and elegance of their own."

\* \* \* \*

Our Marines, who are 'protecting American property' and killing off the natives in Nicaragua are to have their fighting-line increased by a thousand men. The Nation estimates that up to date one third of one per cent of the population have been killed—damage to crops and property has cost Nicaragua \$20,000,000. But nice old ladies ed off by our 'protective' measures and are displaying the shibboleth No More War in their front windows and peace societies are urging music publishers to refrain from the use of Military with their Marches.

### EINSTEIN'S REAL UNIVERSE

What was Einstein after, anyway? What did he mean when he said that Relativity describes the "real" world, and that our previously held ideas had to do with things which were "unreal?" What does he mean by the term "unreal?"

Consider, with Einstein, a straight line drawn on a sheet of paper. Is it "real?" Einstein says no, because it is possible to crumple up the sheet of paper so that the line now exhibits many curves and bends and kinks; it is no longer a straight line. The same thing will clearly be true if we start with a curved line, or with any sort of line whatever. If the space through which the line is drawn happens to be "crumpled up" for some observer, this observer will see the line altogether differently from the one who drew it in his uncrumpled space.

This is a rather disturbing thing to learn. For all the material objects in the universe—as we see them—are bounded by curved or straight lines. But according to Einstein, such objects have no reality! Are we living in a dream-world after all?

It will be easy to show, however, to our own satisfaction that Einstein's reasoning has sense to it. There is before me as I write a long table. If one should ask me the shape of this table, I should ordinarily reply without hesitation that its top is rectangular. If my eye were immediately over the center of the table it would indeed appear rectangular. But what right have I to consider that this observation post is any more justified by "reality" than the one in which I am now sitting? The Theory of Relativity says I have no justification at all.

From Einstein's point of view, the table top has no "reality;" that is no shape.

What then is "real?"

"The Romance of Reality" by Beverly L. Clarke.

## The Arts . . .

### THE CARMEL EXHIBIT OF CHARLTON FORTUNE

The paintings of Charlton Fortune, which are to be seen these days in the Art Gallery in the Seven Arts Court, have met the recognition of prize awards in both France and the United States.

The room hung with them is preponderantly blue, for they are pictures of the sea. Fishing boats swinging on shimmering tides, clouds of gulls in vivid flight, bright sunlit roofs, almost the very smell of the sea, are here painted with the clarity of primary colors, and a masculine vigor.

### THE EXHIBIT OF JOHAN HAGEMEYER

One of the striking things about the exhibit of Johan Hagemeyer's photographs at his studio this week, is the manner in which the camera seems to have been adapted to the subject it portrays. A dozen different media might have been used to express the dozen or more subjects he has here creatively interpreted. This, a portrait of Nicolai Orloff at the piano, is like a water-color, with its limpid greys; this study of "Rocks" has the feeling of a broken-color oil on canvas; this dynamic representation of "Telegraph Wires" has the powerful blacks and blurred edges of a charcoal drawing.

"It is entirely a matter of the moment at which I make the photograph," he says. "I never retouch the plate, they are all straight prints. My camera is like a part of my body: I see through its eyes. Getting the right interpretation of the object or person is a matter of catching the moment's impression, the mood, in which it strikes me."

His portraits show this sensitivity to mood, as well as a preoccupation with compositional arrangement. The portrait of Roland Hayes glows with quiet laughter and charm; those two of Balieff have a curiously evil humor.

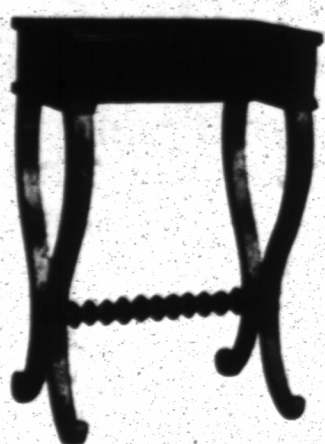
The exhibition will continue through this week, and will be open to the public every afternoon from two to five.

—V. T.

If Diogenes should come with his candle to Carmel, he might find an honest man or two about; but what a time he'd have if he were to start hunting for someone who isn't writing a novel! Asterisk says that in the case of HIS novel, he's not so much afraid of being sued for libel, as of being charged with having written the truth! This is much more serious.

Edward Weston, whose artistic importance among photographers is widely recognized, hopes to pass through Carmel on his way to San Francisco where his work will be on exhibition at the East-West Gallery.





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### THE CRYSTAL EYE

Selection is the essence of photography and its chief value. The optic discipline of the camera is valueless unless the controlling influence of a human eye, rigid and sensitive, is placed behind its own. It can reproduce an integral and aesthetically valuable pictorial design only when the selection of subject, of point of view, the fixation of focus, and the proper expansion or contraction of its iris is intelligently made. For the eye of the camera can record the thing seen **only** when the human eye imposes its own highly complex and delicate nervous reactions upon the camera's stark retina. It is only then that the systolic and diastolic animation of its mechanism responds faithfully to the systole and diastole of the human heart.

The camera presents a monocular vision of fixed and static. Its values are created through the emphasis of light and shade, and through the massing of planes in relation. Aided by the silver plate upon which the image is graven, the camera elaborates its tonalities into structural metaphors of form. It never presents a true picture of things as they are, since its vision is always bounded by three dimensions and its designs never escape literal convolutions (the flat plane).

Since the camera reproduces only masses which lie along one plane, all objects in recession from that main plane do not fall within its focus, and are therefore intangibly presented. In this manner it combines sharpness of pictorial form with soft allusive qualities. By the artifice of linear arrangement and the spatial construction of tesserae of light, the photographic print is a sensitive record of surface values instantaneous in any object.

The color nexus of the camera, and its structural symbol, is black. The use of black as a repetitive key gives the photographic print the lustre and gradation of surface inherent in any arrangement of light into a tetrahedral pattern of mosaic.

The camera is not a sufficiently malleable instrument however, to be used in the same manner in which the painter puts brush to canvas, or the sculptor hammer on stone. It is imperious and not ductile. It does not allow the human nervous system complete mastery over it (chance is an important factor in photography,) and the photographic print never makes manifest the emotional processes behind it, for it does not record them. The photographer, unlike the painter, can never imprison or superimpose his own emotions in his documentation of any given object. For this reason photography cannot ever ally itself with the major arts. It will always follow its own standards, obey its own laws and its own compulsions, and demand an independent existence. The use of the camera as a super medium for the documentation of actualities remains undisputed.

Misguided workers in photography attempt to fashion their work into adumbrations of Whistler, Degas, or Holbein, oblivious of the sharp and clean virtues of



the camera and of its fine, albeit limited, graphic possibilities. Respect for the medium in hand is always the initial requisite in any craft. Obviously the machine and the machine age cannot possess great aesthetic value. The beauty of the machine lies in its utility. That utility is always temporal, for it ends with the attrition of any or all of its component parts. Yet the machine is symptomatic of the age which created it. And the camera is a medium, still perfectible, for the articulation of this age.

The work of Johan Hagemeyer stands as an exemplar of the essential faculties implicit in the camera. It is photography. It creates its values by a sheer imperative use of the tools of photography. His portraits rely solely upon linear and spatial arrangements. He expends his energies and interests upon the slope of the shoulder, the convexity of the cheek, the linear divagations of the throat. The detail is always massed and architectural; the planes broad and few; the blacks rich and warm. He allows the camera to affirm through the sensory impression of line and tonal values the character of the sitter. His prints of modern buildings, of industrial machines and their structural accessories, demonstrate graphically the surge of perpendicular and horizontal masses against each other, modified and complimented by the angular thrust of girders, or the sharp incisions of cables. The rotundities of petrol tanks unwind themselves into the spirals of bannisters and come to rest. Skyscrapers follow linear parallelisms into space. These photographs are as effective as the triangular drawings of Ronnebeck which deal with similar subjects.

His prints give voice to the graphic and pictorial achievements possible to the camera. Their virtues are substantive and real.

—I. Herbert Diamant.

#### CARMEL SENDS FORTH A NEW ARTIST

Elizabeth Dickinson is returning to Los Angeles after her brief visit to her family here in Carmel, to resume her summer art activities. She is opening a children's art school in Hollywood, in conjunction with John Bovingdon, the dancer. She has chosen a quaint site for the school, in a barn under the few trees left by the civilization in that city.

Those of us who have seen her work and know the lightning fire and vigor of her personality, are waiting for the time when she will achieve greater leadership in the art world.

Her painting is characterized by an intellectual vitality and the strong sure rhythms of instinctive perception. Her study in Paris with Gardner Hale, the mural artist, gave her a specialized technique and a particular form of expression which probably best suit her bold and fluent style. Since her return to America she has continued mural art work in Los Angeles with Herter, and occasional stage sets for the experimental playhouses.

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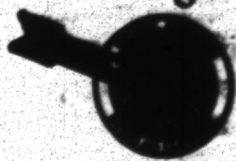
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## Books . . .

Katherine Parrott Gorringer

### NEW BIOGRAPHIES

Fortunately, since the new fiction is so unsatisfactory, we need no longer depend on novels for our lighter reading. For there are the new biographies!

Prince among popular biographies is of course Emil Ludwig, who has added a biography of Christ, "The Son of Man," to his earlier successes of Bismarck, Napoleon and Goethe. Admitting the cleverness of delineation, the brilliancy of diction of these so-called 'psychological biographies' one hopes they are not the last word in the rehabilitation of the biography. Vivid, exciting, persuasive as the 'star' in a modern drama, the hero stands against a shadowy and ineffective background. Great events are dealt with in a paragraph, great figures acquire significance only in their momentary contact with the principal. The hero is too brilliant for the world he dwells in. The same criticism is applicable, with perhaps more emphasis to Maurois' sparkling and witty 'Disraeli.'

But there are in fact this year biographies about everybody and to everyone's taste. From the South comes "Stonewall Jackson: the Good Soldier," by Allen Tate; and a life of Mrs. Jefferson Davis, Varina Howell, by Eron Rowland, said to be "a satisfying revelation of the antebellum aristocracy of the Old South." Mrs. Lincoln comes in for rehabilitation at the hands of Honore Willsie Morrow, who considers her 'the most lied-about woman in the world.' After its defamation by Mencken and the 'young intelligentsia,' New England, the brilliant New England of the 1850's which "gave us whatever intellectual or spiritual distinction we had or have among the nations," comes to life again in the pages of "May Alcott, a memoir" by Caroline Tichnor; and in Honore Willsie Morrow's 'The Father of Little Women.' Do you crave a more exciting diet? There is a life of Kit Carson by Stanley Vestal, which The Nation describes as "a book of balance, perspective and authority, free from both heroic cant and 'bad man' parading." "We have a curiosity to find out how, with his insistence upon Carson's 'rare sense of justice' he justifies the expulsion of the Navahoes from their own grazing country. But no doubt he has the proper 'White Man's Burden' complex.

And this leads me to a mention of "The White Man's Dilemma," by Nathan Peffer, not a biography to be sure, but yet a brilliant delineation of what one may call the head Bugaboo of modern civilization. Alike to those who believe in imperialism and to those who cry aloud 'No More War' while our marines are shooting down the Nicaraguans, one may recommend the close study of this book.

## Poems . . .

### PRAYER

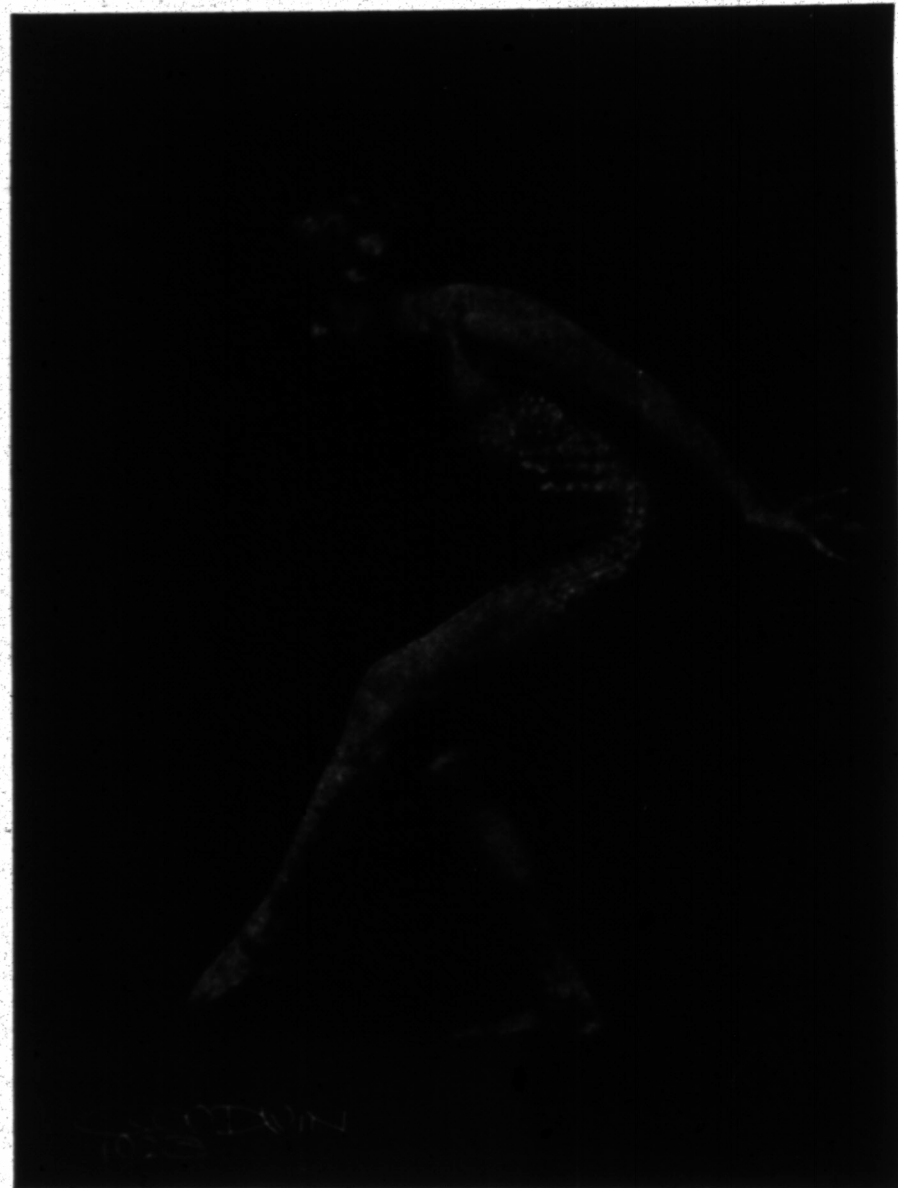
Agile lithe rhythmic clean sinews strong  
As I move across the earth  
Playful blithe wonder-ing buoyant long  
Welcoming dancingly each new birth

—John Bovingdon.

### REWARDS AND PENALTIES

The images I guard even in secret in my heart  
Of you of them of it whatever  
Surely without delay build my life  
According to their patterns  
I become in my tissues the thing I think  
I have observed these pictures of you  
Etching themselves upon my cells  
Building themselves into core places  
Of my will  
It's as if when I look at you  
I see what you have thought of me  
As if I am in my being the reward  
Or the penalty for all my past thoughts  
All strongly-felt thoughts build their mood  
Into the thinker

—John Bovingdon.



### HALLDIS STABELL

who will lecture on Thursday the twelfth at the Golden Bough, has ideas very different from the old notions of gymnastics and physical training. She is something of a radical concerning the culture of the body. Her theory and practice of posture and movement, develop many centers of consciousness in addition to the brain. It is rather as though all parts of the body learned to think. As if each separate cell acquired consciousness and the control of movement.



# On The Wing

## BIRDS THAT BLUFF

Most people know of the ruse so often played by parent birds to protect their young. When a brooding mother is startled from the nest she often will flutter to the ground, drag her wings and legs, cry piteously and thus give a very good illusion of being mortally wounded. So genuine does it seem that the intruder involuntarily approaches the clever actor and tries to capture it. But just before the bird is within actual reach she flutters on a little further and again the watcher follows. And so by this clever trick the intruder is led to a safe distance and is then amazed to see the bird rise easily into the air and fly away, returning to the nest by a circuitous route.

Such a method of deception is carried on to an absurd degree by a queer, long-legged bird called the Black-Necked Stilt, a member of the Sandpiper group with black back and wings and a white breast. It is found nesting in numbers on irrigated parts of the San Joaquin Valley.

Man, when he "improves" land for his own benefit, nearly always devastates it for other species. The decrease in wild fowl in California is due less to the increasing number of hunters than to the vast reclamation of marsh lands, which are the natural feeding and nesting places for duck and many other kinds of birds. But the San Joaquin is one of the few places in the United States where birds are directly benefited by the hand of man. What was formerly a desert is now a great area of marshy lands, suitable for cattle grazing—and for the birds, though probably the latter were not reckoned with when irrigation plans were projected.

Several species of duck breed among the tullies growing around the shallow ponds. One of these is the Mexican Tree Duck, a species which is found on three continents:—Africa, South and North America. The Black Tern, a graceful little bird with dark body and grey wings, will hover over your head and scold at you if you so much as step out of your car on the highway. And if you approach its nest, it will even dart at you, and has been known to strike intruders on the head.

Flying past will be small flocks of Ibises, their long legs streaming out behind, the neck straight in front with a bulge for the head and a long down-curving line which forms the typical Ibis bill. The Sacred Ibis of Egypt, so often seen in hieroglyphics, belongs to the same group. When seen near by you are impressed by the shining bronzy color of the back.

At a distance on the green marshes, beside a winding slough, are several white objects. When you approach nearer you will see their large heron-like forms, standing over three feet high. They are the Ameri-

can Egret; pure white body, black legs and yellow bill. The White Pelican also spends the summer on the San Joaquin. His black wing tips distinguish him from the egret even at a distance. Sometimes large flocks of Pelicans, high above the level green marsh, soar with motionless wings in wide spirals ascending into blue sky.

But the most conspicuous bird on the marshes, conspicuous to the point of obtrusiveness, is the Black-Necked Stilt. You walk out upon an apparently deserted marsh and in an instant several of these grotesque creatures start calling excitedly and flying toward you. Each one will alight on the marsh not far away and go through ridiculous contortions. It bends back its long thin pink legs, squats down and waves its black wings in the air; sometimes one wing up and one down, sometimes both down and fluttering violently; sometimes it takes a supposed-to-be pathetic leap in the air and falls down again, trying to make out a sad case of broken leg. This might be effective if only one bird were doing it at a time, but when three or five birds swoop down and surround you, all gesticulating in this absurd way, the method of protecting the nest becomes not only an obvious ruse but a very comic side-show.

—Laidlaw Williams.

## METROPOLIS SADIE THOMPSON BEN-HUR

Three good moving pictures were shown on the Peninsula last week (to say nothing of the ones we didn't see). Sadie Thompson at the Golden State, Ben-Hur at the Manzanita, Metropolis at the Golden Bough. The first shows what a good actress can do with a picture, and though the story had been weakened somewhat compared to the play "Rain," on which it is based (in this matter the movies are almost the last stronghold of those who believe ostriches should be the arbiters of morality) Gloria Swanson gave a very good and interesting performance. Ben-Hur follows the traditional romantic movie, but the crowds and mobs (of which there were many) were unusually well handled. The galley slaves, seen from the inside of the galleys as a tortured mass of human misery, were shown from the outside as merely the dipping, flashing, regular oars that propelled the proud Roman galley, the symbol of Roman dignity and stateliness. It might have been Socialist propaganda—"Labor from Without and Within," and this theme was taken up and expanded and made the melody of that super-film; "Metropolis." This production shows the heights to which creative photography in the movies can rise, and gets nearer to the true field of the moving picture than most pictures. For it gives one visions of a possible super-city of the future which no other art could have presented.

—E. W.

# The Youngest Set

Joel Sturtevant (9 months) is taking lessons from his older brother (20 months) in how to eat porridge. When the blind lead the blind the porridge occasionally lands on the dining-room wall.

\* \* \* \*

June Clark (6) was bending over her book at the Forest Hill School. Suddenly a shrill laugh broke into her absorption. She looked up, annoyed. "You laugh just like a jar shaking" she said.

\* \* \* \*

John Martin (12) told his mother "I want to go and help at the Nursery School." So he took some clay and modelled animals and boats and houses, and got the other pupils started. One child of three who had never been gotten to sit still for more than ten minutes stayed, absorbed, for an hour and a half.

\* \* \* \*

Henry F. Dickinson, Senior (age unknown) has made a new gate for the Forest Theater, of redwood, neatly and artistically finished. The gate will be on view, and the maker hiding behind the bushes, so make the words of appreciation loud.

\* \* \* \*

Jane Hopper has returned from Grissly Flats, and will write her experiences for the Carmelite when rehearsals for Inchling leave her enough leisure.

\* \* \* \*

George Best, who is a member of several gangs, and therefore keeps tab on arrivals and departures in the youngest set, reports that there is a new kid in town, evidently from Switzerland or the Alps somewhere; he recognized the other kid's Tyrolean suit.

\* \* \* \*

Horton Blackman Jr. was plying his father with questions during their cross-continental drive from St. Louis. Father, with the dignity, and something of the irritation of a master chauffeur, tried beyond endurance, finally refused to answer. "Gosh" commented Master Horton, "but daddy is unquestionable!" "Yes," supplanted big sister (13) "unspeakable."

\* \* \* \*

Four cases of chicken-pox in the Cass Street Nursery School have called a temporary but not very serious halt in summer activities. Quarantine will be lifted this week. Twelve of the youngsters swim twice a week at the Del Monte Pool, under the encouraging eye of Pop Ernst's son Karl.

\* \* \* \*

The doctor, by the way, advises that in view of the presence of a number of cases of whooping cough on the peninsula, it will be well for the youngsters to keep their distance from anyone letting forth a particularly violent whoop,—unless it be one of sheer joy (which also is contagious, but not dangerous.)

\* \* \* \*



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**Argo-Noughts . .****UMPIRES WIN ABALONE CUP**

Two times runner-up in the Herald Cup sweepstakes, on Sunday Charlie Van Riper's doughty "Giants" won the coveted trophy by defeating the Crescents by one run. It was some game, especially from the viewpoint of the gallery. I have heard some of the players call it worse than that. When the game opened Art Hilbert was pitching for the Giants, Van Riper catching, Ammerman was in the box for the Crescents, and Root behind the plate. Later the versatile Charlie Frost was in the box for the winners, and later yet Virt Uzzell was brought in from third.

The play of the day was Dick Masten's backward catch of a swift liner through second. He twirled on one toe, stuck his bare hand in the air to recover his balance, and the ball stuck in it.

The score was tied practically all through the game. Excitement and vituperation marked the gallery contributions. All were for the Crescents, for as usual the winners are never cheered, and besides we wanted to see them play off the tie next Sunday. Every player on both teams deserves credit, but to Charlie Van Riper—Papa Abalone, splendid captain, and good catcher—goes the Herald Cup, the trophy won in 1923 by Harrison Godwin's Reds, in 1924 again by the Reds, and in 1925 by By Ford's Shamrocks, who also took it again in 1926. In 1927 Byron Prior's Pirates, of sainted memory, beat the Giants two out of three, and this year the orange and black was triumphant.

I had intended saying a lot about Jack Orcutt, but I have not the space to do his work justice. I want it understood it isn't because I'm afraid, but merely the result of my beautiful nature. I don't want people pointing to his small daughter Alicia in years to come and whispering covertly, "Her father umpired the Giant-Crescent game in 1928." No, I don't want that!

—Hilda.

**Absurdities . . .****BUT THIS IS SHEER BOLSHEVISM!**

Dr. Clarence Lieb writes devastatingly that "spinach is not good for everybody. . . In fact, there is a growing group of physicians who by both laboratory and clinical experience have come to believe that spinach as an article of diet is over-rated, particularly as a food for children." What a life-saver this information will be to the children of conscientious spinach-providing parents!

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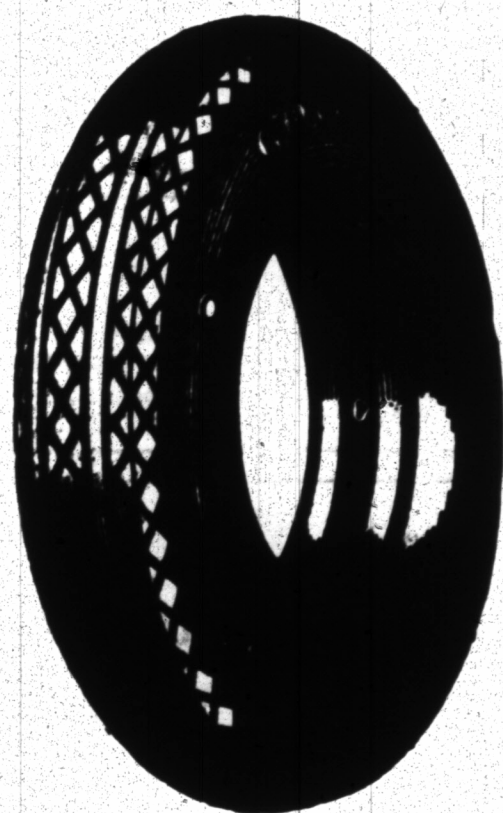
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